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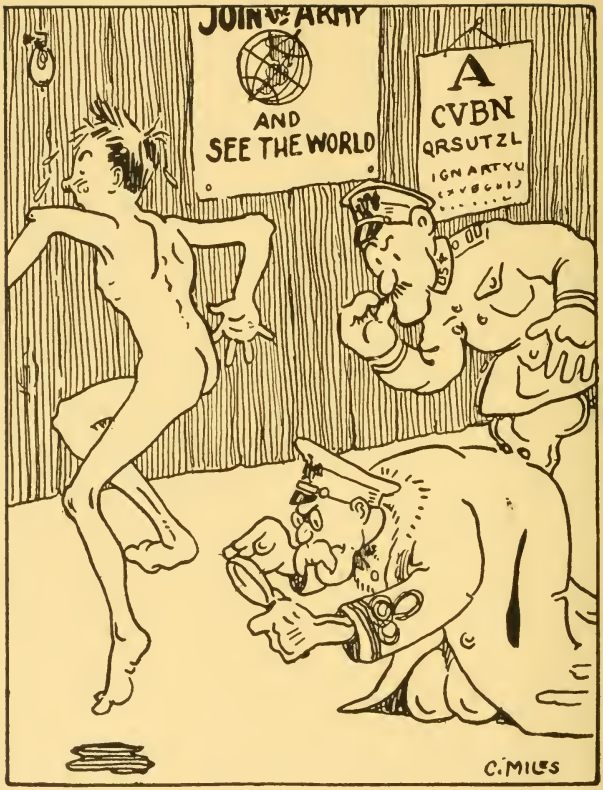
JOHNNIE'S WAR DIARY

THE ADVENTURES OF A CAVALRY TROOPER

FRANKLIN CUMMINGS



"And then I hopped on my big toe,
Just to show how fast I cud go."

JOHNNIE'S WAR DIARY

Being
the Adventures of a
Cavalry Trooper

BY
FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

Illustrated by
CHARLES MILES.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA,
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"Johnnie's" letters have brought real amusement and pleasure to the readers of the DAILY CALIFORNIAN *for many months. The campus looked forward each day to finding another letter setting down in Johnnie's way some new experience, fancied or real. Johnnie has often paraded the traditions and daily life of the University before us in such a way as to amuse us and at the same time set us thinking about their proper relation to university life. Johnnie has amused, ridiculed, scolded, praised and sometimes condemned episodes in the ordinary life of the student body. He has been good for us and for the University. It is well that the best of his letters are to be collected and put into readable and permanent form. Johnnie has made a place for himself in the great body of University tradition and history. He has added a measure of joy and instruction.*

K. C. Leebrick.

Foreword

IN CREATING the character of Johnnie, my aim has been primarily to amuse. All popular ideas to the contrary, there is no group of individuals anywhere in our national life quite so prone to a healthy sense of humor as an undergraduate body of college students. It was with the view of satisfying to some small extent this irresistible desire to laugh shared by my college fellows of all classes that I have created a naïve and unsophisticated Johnnie and made him perform during a period of two years for the college audience of my own University.

Johnnie is an anomaly, an oddity, who has at all times the saving grace of an enlarged sense of humor. The experiences he relates are pretty generally and faithfully taken from the author's own experiences. There is little continuity of plot or action. The spelling is consciously exaggerated, and may be taken to imply a travesty on the woeful state of our own spelling here in college. The letters have been hurriedly written and without regard to any poetical form or metre other than the doggerel rhyme scheme followed throughout.

In sending the little volume to the press, I wish to make grateful acknowledgement to Dr. K. C. Leebrick of the History department for his warm encouragement and good counsel, to Charles Miles of the class of 1919, who has contributed his time and talent to the illustrating of Johnnie's experiences, to "Gus" Gustafson of the L., S. & Z. staff, who has always been ready with his store of experience to help in planning the makeup, to Paul L. Pioda, who has deprived himself of his typewriter that Johnnie might grow, and to my old friend and classmate, "Poko" Harter, who has always lent a patient ear to each new story, and whose rare good judgment and frank reactions have proven an indispensable criterion.

F. C.

Berkeley,
April 17, 1919.

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Johnnie Enlists

May 27

Dere dierry, I'm a Raw Rekroot,
Reddy to fite the Germun broot.
To-day at the rekrooting stashun
I sined up for to serve the nashun.
Pattritizm fired my soul,
When I did reech this yerned
for goal.
For six weeks two raw eggs I'd et
Eech meel in hoaps that I wud get
Reel fat in order to inlist
And Unkle Sammy's boyze assist.
Raw eggs are very nawziating
And set the stommick palpitating.
I took them furst one Sunday nite
And failed to stir the yellow and
white
To-gether, so they wudn't slide
Reel eezy on their downward glide,
But stuck within my throat. The
yoke
Did make me snort and girgle
and choke
Until I had to outdores fly
And bid those eggs a fond good-
bye.
They fell and struck the ground
reel fast
But missed a lady's hat going past.
Sence then I've took my eggs
beet up
With Sherry wine in my Shaving
cup.
But still I never gayned no wate
And thot I wudn't hezzitate
No more, so to-day I appered
At the Rekrooting office, afeard
Only that beeing as I waz thin
Mite mabbe delay my getting in,
Or beeing as I'm so awful small,
They mite not let me in a-tall.
But I thot perhaps the Kalverry
Wud be a sootable branch for me,
So I up and shook the Sargent's
fist
And sed, "I gess I wanta inlist."
He took my name and all the datta
Of my berth and what had bin the
matter
With paw's great grandma when
she died
And I sed I thot twuz sooicide,
And what maw's name was 'fore
she married,
And whether paw insurants carried,
And so on, then I took a shower,
And cum forth, a sweet smelling
flower.
A kore of doctors viewed me,
wateing,
My neckked thinness kontemplating.
One of them thumped my ribs and
sed,
"S'matter, kid, are you underfed?",
And he made me mutter "Ninety-
nine",
Az his hand run jagged down my
spine.
The next one, with a eer trumpet,
Lissened at my hart and thumped it.
The cold steel next my beeting
skin
Waz like the jab of a safety pin.
My goose flesh roze twice normal
size,
And that doktor seemed to be
all ize.
He sez, "Left Pulmennerry nerviss,"

And pushed me off. Twuz speedey serviss.
The next one jammed me in the jaw,
(Which reminded me of deer old paw).
"Open your mouth, stick out your tungue,"
These words to me he harshly flung.
In my throat a spoon he poked about,
And sed, "Those tonsells must cum out."
I thot as how I'd done no wrong,
And then he sent me flying along
To a fat man, who did clasp my arm
With sum skweezers, and with grate alarm
I saw the flesh bulge out and kwiver,
Which made me week down in my liver.
Next they made me bend way over,
Like playing Leep Frog in the clover,
I hoaped the fat dock wudn't fall
On me, but twuzn't that at all.
Insted he made me close my eers,
Then whisperred faint, "How many beers?"

At leest twuz this in my beleef,
But they laffed and sed that I waz deef.
Next they brot me a bag of wool,
Which waz with kolored yarnings full.
I picked up one I thot wuz red
But twuz vermullin, so they sed.
And then I hopped on my big toe,
Just to show how fast I cud go.
I hopped to the wall and then hopped back
And I thot my toe wud surely crack.
I waz a reel esthettick site
Like Afroditee, Kween of Nite.
And then they wayed me. I surmize
I'd lost ten pounds frum that exercize.
But they all confurred and all agreed
That I cud ride a broke down steed,
And so, before they changed their mind,
I grabbed what cloathes as I cud find,
And hollered, after I made my vow,
"Hooray, I'm in the armee now."
So long, dere dierry, I will write
In you agen sum other nite.

PNEUMONIA POINT

May 31
Dere dierry, I'm in kakky now,
And have took my final oath and vow.
On Wensday we cum on a bote
To Angle-Iland. Feer and hope
Waz mingled in our beeting blud,
As we herd the steemer's enjuns' thud.
A multitood waz on the decks,
And all waz of the maskilline sex.
We waz herded on this bote like kattle
And we felt the thrill of going to battle.
But when Angle-Iland hove in view,
A homesick feeling in me grew.
Thouzands waz there, all Raw Rekroots,
Most of them in civillian soots.
We waz drove to the Receeving stashun
To tell our age and last vocashun,
Then we waz drove to the big Mess Hall,
Where a meel waz swallowed down by all.
And then they made us take a shower,
And stand in the cold wind haff a hour.
I shiverred and shook in ev'ry joint,
When the Sargent sez, "Pnoomonia Point."
On we waz drove a mile or two,
Twaz cold, no vegettashun grew.
But suddinly at the foot of a hill,
A lot of tents did rize and fill
The landscape. "Ah", to myself I sed,
"Perhaps they'll let us go to bed."
But first they parselled the blankets out,
Which took two hours. We stood about,
Chattering our teeth, huddled together,
Beeing az it waz such freezing wether.
And then we skrambled for thoze tents,
The flock of skramblers waz so dense,
I got the last tent down the hill,
Where the oshun did its wavelets spill.
Five of us enterred this flapping place,
And a hideous grin cum on eech face
When we saw grate piles of grit and dust
On our bed tiks. O I almost cussed!
And then an unkind sargent hollered,
"Get fresh straw for your tiks," I follered
The crowd. We climed a grate long hill,
And with wet straw did our bed tiks fill.
Fin'lly we got back to the tent,
Having two hours and a kwarter spent
In feeding bed tiks. O I aked!
And my body waz with sand doons caked,
Which filled my eers, my throat, my noze,
And sifted way down to my toes.

At last I enterred my bed of down
With my cloathes on, for my new nite gown
Waz lost in a sand doon. Down I laid
And nachur's call to rest obeyed.
But alas! the noizes of the nite
Waz many, slumber took her flite,
And I laid in the dark a-shivering,
Bloody othes in my tik delivering.
The wind cum howling under my tent,
It waz a fearful nite I spent.
The tent did creek and groan and rock
Till I thot the wind wud shurely knock
It over. There I grimly lay,
Too skeart to move, too skeart to pray.
In the next bed tik, sumbody snored,
Far and nere the rumblings roared.
Sweet sleep left me and ne'er returned,
Only a madness in me burned.
At half past four, when all waz still,
A bugle blew from off the hill.
I got up, stiff in ev'ry joint,
Frum having bin on Pnoomonia Point.

* * * *

To-day they giv us our ekwipment
Out of a seckund handed shipment.
My blowze waz bilt for Prezident Tafft,
Even the Q. M. Sargent laffed.
Altho' my waste is twenty-aite,
An undiskrimminating fate
Handed me pants size forty-four,
They sed they hadn't enny more.
Also my leggins and my shoes
Iz enuff to give a feller the blues.
Next time I write, I'll be more cheery,
At present I am awful weery.

IN QUARANTINE

June 10.

Dere dierry, we cum last Saterrday
To our army post in Monteray.
I'm getting used to looking so big
In this everlasting army rig.
But my hat high on my hed doze set
Like a bunyon, sense I got it wet.
Tiz that which fusses me the most,
And makes me look like Hamlet's ghoast.
I've developped a good appytite,
And I allus look a ravennus site,
Seeing az my army blowze hangs loose,
And gapping like a kalaboose.
They've put us here in kwaranteen
Out in sum tents, where kwite unseen,
We're lerning how to do Rite Face,
And turn within a narrow space.
At midnite, sleeping hevvily,
The bugle blows for Revilly,
And we haff to run out in the frost,
And they call the roll to see who's lost,
And eech fellow doze his elbow jut
Into the next guy's empty gut.
When this iz done it iz a sine
That there iz a horrizontel line.
Revilly throo', we grab our mess-kits
For our otemeel and our soggy biskits.
They slam it on the plate to-gether,
And it tastes just like dilooted lether.
Altho' the taste of it iz pore,
I gobbel it up and go for more.
After brekfust, two hours iz spent
In "poleecing up" around the tent.
To "poleece up" means to walk bent over,
Like hunting for a fore-leef klover,
And pick up all the cigerret buts,
Lying within the grooves and ruts.
To-day the Sargent blew his whissel,
Which pricks just like a thorny thissel,
And, when we'd poked eech others' guts,
He hollers loud: "Which of you muts
Haz bin to kollidge? Anser kwick!"
With feverish joy I most grew sick.
Eeger to show my higher knollidge,
I up and piped, "I've bin to kollidge."
The Sargent sneered, "You are the man,
Go and empty the garbidge can."
However I beet the rest at drill,
And think I cud a Germun kill.
My tentmates are a splendid groop,
Well fitted for a Kalvery troop.
Bill 'Ammon waz a chariott racer
In Wringling's. He can ride a pacer
Of enny kind. Then there's Sour Sam,
Who says that he don't giv' a damm
For enny hoss or man or gun,
For he punched cows at Bloody Run.
And there's Jim Mahooney tended bar
In Okeland at a place not far

From where we useter go to kollidge,
Of hiz cokktails I hav' had sum knollidge.
We are a hardy, sturdy krew,
For the Germuns we will trubble brew.
Goodby, dere dierry, tatoo's blown,
And I must lie me down and moan.

TUCKER GETS A BATH

June 12.

Dere dierry, I've bin vaxxinated,
My arm is shure illuminated,
Its purpel and its swole and sore,
And they're going to do it two times more.
O the suffring I've underwent!
O the painful hours I've spent!
All bekawze of that prikkly scratch,
At the time I reely didn't attach
Much importance to that needle's bite,
But now as I look at what a site
My arm iz, az I feel the throbbing,
Az I watch my mussels kwivvering, bobbing
In anguish, I feel full convickshun
That small things can cawze lots of frickshun.
That needle haz a fever started,
Also my brekfust haz departed.
My throat iz sore, my feet have chills,
And rumblings my inteerior fills.
I'm writing this with my left hand,
That's why my letters drunken stand.
Now I must tell (and I aint joshing)
How Tucker got a sure-enuff washing.
Tucker's the laziest hound on erth,
And he's ornery and he izn't worth
The beens he eats. (Lord! he can stuff,
Fore helpings and that aint enuff).
Pore Tucker hails from Arkinnsaw,
Where they drafted him to go to wah.
This kweer bird iz seven feet tall,
But he'z teerful like he's going to bawl,
And his mouth hangs open like a kazm,
He's a ignerrent hunk of protoplazm.
He aint got a thimbelful of branes,
And he's allus groanin' 'bout his pains.
When they pick him for a work detail,
He'z allus there with his rhoomatiz wail.
But the wurst thing 'bout this hayseed roob
Iz that the everlasting boob
Don't harken to the water's call,
So when he into bed doze krawl
At nite the oder iz so awful,
We decided az it wazn't lawful
For us to suffer while he snored,
So we appointed a judgment board.
At furst we waz patient, verry nice,
We went to Tucker and warned him twice
To rinse himself in soap and water
Just like a human beeing otter.
But he plumb forgot our good advice,
And so he had to pay the price.
We waked him frum a gurgling slumber,
And moved him like a piece of lumber
Out to the shower room in the nite,
The Sargent sed it waz all rite.

Pore Tucker knew he had met his doom
When we pushed him in the shower room.
He howled and kicked and yelled in frite,
But we waz firm and held on tite.
And there in spite of Tucker's wrath,
We giv' him a *honest-to-goodness* bath.
We stuck him in that icey shower,
And held him in it over a hour.
Pore Tucker gasped and lost his breth,
And thot he'd met hiz certain deth.
We brot him to with a skrubbing brush
And made hiz tuff hide bloom and blush.
When we got throo' he smelled reel sweet,
He wud hav pleezed the most eleet.
But hiz skin, tho pink, iz raw and tender
Frum the bathing that we had to render.
Goodby, my hand doze kramp me so,
I just can't move it to and fro.

THE PIPES OF PAN

June 18.

Dere dierry, the Y. M. C. A.
Arranged to hav a littel play
Last nite inside the army chappel,
Also they give us eech a appel
At the doreway. Twaz a reel nice show,
And put us all in a frendly glow.
Furst sumbody renderred a hymm,
Which made my eyes with teers to swim.
And then my hairs on end did raze
As "China and its Waterwayze"
Was thrown before us on the skreen,
The thrillingest pitcher I hav seen.
And then sum guy in a skweeky voice
Spoke on "Christiannity's Choice".
He raved and ranted and told as how
We must keep clean to win this row.
I thot az how we had done our bit
In skrubbing Tucker to make him fit.
And then a fat lady cum and sung,
Our harts in sympethy waz wrung.
"O tell my daddy, wont he pleze take care,
For his baby prays at twilight
For her daddy over there."
When she got throo we klapped so loud,
Agen she cum before the krowd,
And rendered "Sweet Little Buttercup",
Our soals the sweet sounds gobbled up.
And tho' the applawze did most die down,
Six more she sung in her evening gown,
A look of eckstacy on her face,
Her arms stretched outward in embrace.
And then the biggest akt of enny
Waz pulled to thrill the soals of many.
They called this skit, "The Pipes of Pan,"
And when the curtin roze, to a man
We gasped and bulged our eyes to see
This tale of woodland eckstacy.
"Pan" waz a lady six feet tall
Who waz hopping to the woodland's call.
Her skinny limms waz clad in tites
Az she hopped among the elves and sprites.
The tites waz pink and Pan did run
Madly around the wood in her fun.
In her hands she clasped a hot water bottle
Held to her mouth as if to throttle
Its music, and her fingers played
In harmony as her body swayed.
She hopped, she leeped, she jumped, she ran,
And we waz brethless to a man.
Her body wud bow down to the ground,
And then she'd mount by a leep and bound
Up to where the dogberries hung,
And the hot water bottle sizzled and sung.

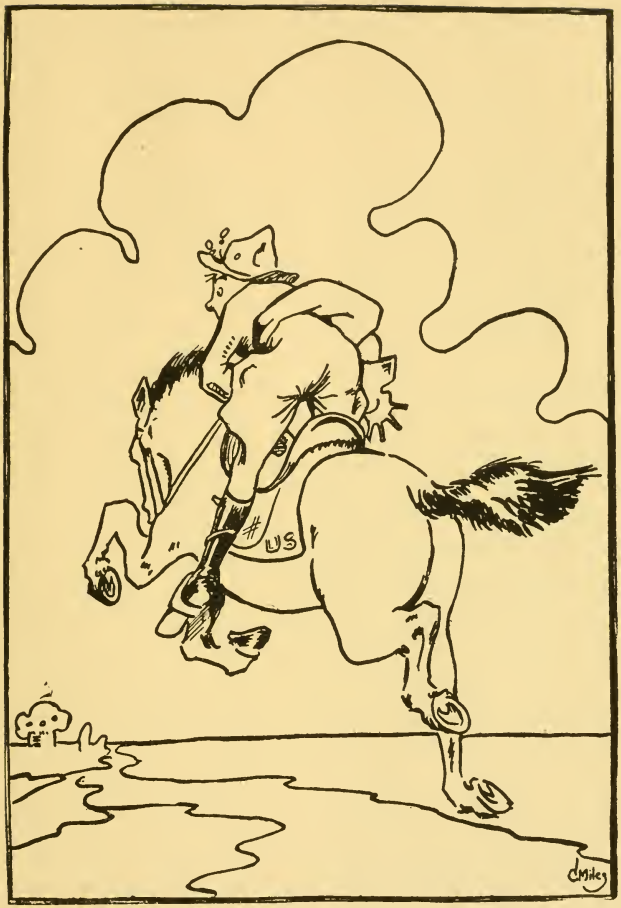
Eech limm' did kwivver as she
roze,
Showing the kontours of her hoze,
But once as at the trees she did
rush
An auddible rip did bring a hush.
And then another object ran,
It waz the left tite of poor Pan.
It ran from her hip down to
her toe,
Then up the hill agen did go.
It ran until the men burst out
In cheering and a thunderous
shout.
And Pan waz so tremendus
pleezed
That her art had thus the
awedience seezed,
She cum back and she danced
agen,
Which cawzed a uproar among
the men.
We went home laffing at pore
Pan,
Thinking of how her stocking ran.
Goodby, dere dierry, I must go,
I think I hear the mess call blow.

JOHNNIE'S FIRST RIDE

June 24.

Dere dierry, let fuchur ages reed
Of how I rode a prancing steed.
This morning the Captain did
decide
"You men must go for a hoss-
back ride."
My teeth did rattle at this news,
My soal waz dampened by the
blues,
My hart waz still and filled with
gloom,
Az I thot of my impending doom.
I waz so week I waz hardly abel
To clime that long hill to the stabel.
But up we dragged with silent tred,
Up to the stabel, sickened with
dred.
I glimpsed those hosses with bated
breth,
Becing az I waz skeart to deth.
The Sargent, seein' me standing
about,
Razed his voice in a terribul shout,
"You dammed numskullion, get
you a hoss,"
I thot he needn't hav bin so cross.
Dutifully I went to obtain
A hoss what had a yellow mane,
Which hoss did eye me kwizzickley,
Whereby I weekened fizzickely.
I gingerly stepped to reech its hed
And in a gentle whisper sed,
"Nice hossie, pleze don't be
afraid,"
And then on its back the saddle
laid.
But the hoss kicked up a wicked
heel,
Whereby my blud did most congeel,
And shook the saddle offen hiz hide
And walked away. The Sargent's
stride
Cum lumbering tord me. I did
shrink,
"You rookies wud drive the Lord
to drink,"
He thundered, and then he loudly
swore,
"You had that saddle on hind
part fore."
I didn't defend myself, but grinned
Reel sheepish that I thus had
sinned.
The Sargent, who's reely kind at
hart,
Fixed the hoss and giv me a start.
My foot in the sterrups, I jumped
with eeze
Into the saddle, my reins did seeze.
I waz so excited I hollered "Whoa",
Tho the Captin had giv the word
to go.
But the Sargent sed, "Giddap,
giddap!"
And giv my charger a awful slap
On the South end of his torso,
where
The tail frisks blithely in the air.
And then we waz off in a cloud
of dust,
I thot, "O God, in you I trust!"
I clutched the reins with a frenzied
smile,
My body thrown skyward all the
while,
My hoss waz frisky and liked to go,
Twaz all rite, but it josselled so.
I lost my faith in bit and rein
And hung on tite to the yellow
mane.
Over the hills and pinewood trails,

Nachur waz bursting. But bewty fails
In a moment of such dire distress
To stir my soal to its loveliness.
Once my charger pricked up his eers,
I sed, "Pleeze, hoss, don't hav no feers."
And I gently stroked his eers and neck,
But his tossing hed sum foam did fleck
Into my anxious eyes and face,
And then we started forth on a race.
My hart froze up, to the mane I hung,
Az over the mountain trails we flung,
Hoss and rider in maddened flite,
We soon left the others out of site.
We jumped the ravines, tore throo' the trees,
Snorting out flame az we cut the breeze.
I roze like the billow of a wave,
And hoped that the Lord my soal wud save.
Sumtimes the saddle and me wud meet,
But offenest I waz up six feet
In the sky, clutching that hosses hair,
And jabbering at a feebul prayer.
But even when praying I felt the pain
Of having to hit the saddel again,
And I wished that it had cum to mind
To tie a pillow on behind.
Fin'lly we reeched a big, round ring,
'Twas the Bull Pen, which did horror bring.
My hoss from habit made for a hurdle,
And my blud begun to churn and curdel.
I knew my doom had cum at last,
But still I prayed and held on fast.
My hoss made a run and roze on high
And tossed me off into the sky.
Nine days like Lucifer I fell
Before I reeched the Port of Hell.
Later my lifeless carkass they found
In a krumpled heep upon the ground.
But I'm revived now, sitting on pillows,
Thinking of how I roze on billows.
Az a Kalverry trooper, I'm the bunk,
But the Captin sed I showed sum spunk.
He also added with a snicker,
"For a small guy, you can bounce lots kwicker
Than a can of Baked Beens on the fire,
Furthermore you bounce lots higher
Than a geyzer in its fullest ackshun,"
And so I am a grate attrackshun
In the Orderly Room. But still my hide
Iz a blistered mass from that hoss back ride.
I gess I'm laid up for a week,
But will no more of my trubbels speek.
Goodby, until my sore spots heel,
I'll write agen when I normel feel.



"I wisht that it had cum to mind
To tie a pillow on behind."

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE COLONEL

June 27.

Dere dierry, I am feeling better.
This morning I receeved a swetter
From one of the nineteen I adore,
It sed "To My Hero." Nothing more
This packedge's woolley folds did fill,
Altho' I looked for a dollar bill
Tucked away in a nook sumwhere
To surprize me, taken unaware.
Also she dozen't seem to rekall
My phyzziogmany at all,
Or else she thot I'd grown much fatter,
At enny rate it dozen't matter.
Altho the swetter dozen't fit,
Still I shall keep it, sense twaz gnit
By her. Besides at nite I can spred
It like a blanket on my bed.
The Captin took a shine to me,
Sence my horseback riding he did see,
And so the Troop Clerk's job desended
On me and all my trubbels ended.
They made me a Sargent yesterday,
Eight dollars more I'll get for my pay.
The Captin also made me the boss
Of a nice and gentle lady-hoss
Named Delpheen cause its mane iz red,
All my feers and trubbels haz fled.
But still, altho I rank so high,
One of the Kernels riding by
Did stop and in an angry burst
Told me I must salute him furst.
I havn't had time to verify
His statement, but I wonder why
Tucker, who carries the bags of mail,
Only a ornery Private, did fail
To salute *me* az I husselled by,
I gess I'll lern the reezon why.
Dissiplin iz a splendid way
To make these Privates lern to obey.
This morning *I* went for the mail,
Seeing as Tucker did weep and wail
Bekawze his littel finger hurt,
And so I anserred up reel curt,
"You big slob, take another bath,"
And then I walked off, white with wrath.
A purty gurl handels the mail,
And so I lingerred to tell the tale
Of how my Sargent's stripes I'd won,
And how I didn't salute *no one,*
Not even the Kernel, 'less I wanted,
And as to her these tales I flaunted,
She sed, "There cums the Kernel now,"
My couradge seemed to leeve sumhow.
I grabbed the letters and left in haste,
Thinking as how no time I'd waste,
For enny spot becums infernal
As soon as there arrives a Kernel.

But out in front where all
mite see
This Kernel run rite into me.
When I waz waving to that dame,
The impact of our bodies came.
The Kernel drew up to his hite,
He was a stern and outraged site.
We stood there in two feet of
space
And eyed eech other face to face.
And then, tho my anger burned
like fire,
I thot az how this man ranked
higher,
And hassened to salute him furst,
And the string what held the
letters burst.
They fell and scattered ev'rywhere,
The Kernel moved on with
pashunt air,
And I stooped down and tore my
britches,
Picking up mail from gutter and
ditches.
And not far away that dame did
giggle,
Sum day I'll make that Kernel
riggle!
Dere dierry, this subjick pains
me so,
No longer can I make words
to flow.

THE DREADED SOFA

July 9.

Dere dierry, a lady what lives in town
Invited sum Troopers to cum down
To a party which she giv last nite.
Her parler waz a brilliant site.
All of the belles in town waz there,
And sum what had no bewty to spare.
There waz three more homely than the rest,
One of the three beeing flat of chest,
Another looking like a balloon,
A third whoze hair had left too soon.
They made for the sofy rite away,
And there they sat till the brake of day,
Wateing, wateing in dredful suspense,
Wateing with bodies uprite and tense,
Hoping 'gainst hope that by sum chance
Somewun wud cum and ask them to dance,
Hoping, groping, staring, saying
Things beneeth their breth and praying
That God wud send sum man at last.
Thus the endless hours passed.
They sat there, graven images. Stone
Had petrified them bone by bone.
They sat like sentinels of the nite
To gard that sofy with their mite.
They sat and never spoke a word,
And yet their inmost thots we herd.
They reminded me of pore Lot's wife,
Who turned to salt in the prime of life.
Their eyes did, glassy, bulge and bulge,
And all of the tragedy did divulge.
It stirred my pity, it touched my hart
To see nobody taking their part.
Their mizerry did move me so,
I went to alleviate their woe.
To the sofy I did thus advance,
Eech looked up with a appeeling glance.
I hurredly sed, "Tit, tat, toe,
One, two, three, and out you go."
The big balloon fell to my lot,
Who waz deeply rooted to the spot.
But fin'lly I got her frame in ackshun,
Her smile showed evvident satisfackshun.
Disappointed, in utter gloom,
The others sank back to their doom.
My buxsom pardner and I set out
Midst many a cheer, many a shout.
In billows the lady's arms aroze
Like a country pump what haz bin froze.
We went off in a whirl of skirts,
I thot, "Lord, how my left korn hurts!"

Just then the monster stepped
on it,
I had to clench my teeth and grit
To keep back the skorching teers.
We dashed
Around the room. Peepul waz
mashed
Into closets and corners ev'ry-
where,
And I waz in desperret need
of air.
Buckets of perspiration came,
She sed the wether waz to blame.
Thus we waddled like senseless
fools,
Turning 'round like gyratting
spools.
After a hour the enkores stopped,
My animated oktopus flopped
Back on the sofy, damp but
beeming,
And the other two sat sourly
skeeming.
I, with a sickly kweer smile,
Went to rest for a little while.
But the jellosee on other faces
Brot back my mind from dreemy
spaces,
And I returned for the Flat One.
She
Smiled sweetly and with faith
at me.
She was so stiff from where
she'd sat,
She only had one move down pat.
Twaz a sideward movement and
we went
Like a comet with its fury spent.
It waz a slow, a lingerring glide,
And when our steps didn't coin-
cide,
I stopped and let her take new aim,
While she told me of her dansing
fame.
Whenever a wall did stop us.
Then
We wud turn and go back home
agen.
'Tho twaz a tag dance none cum
rushing
To steel away this sweet and
blushing
Spinster. Even a dollar bill
Failed to loosen their obstinnet
will.
I dangled that dollar bill and
prayed
But none waz by my bribery
swayed.
Men what exist on a Private's pay
Did turn their heds and look away.
Fin'lly the muzick pawzed. Before
They cud begin another enkore,
I sed, "Excuze me, I must go,
My lower limms iz aking so."
And then I hid for a hour or two,
Until my sense of duty grew
Again, and then once more
returned,
And lo! I with excitement burned.
The hairless one dessended the
stair
With hat on and a going air.
I thot twaz safe her joy to
enhance,
And sed, "I'm sorry we missed
our dance."
Immediately my mind did wake
To the tragedy of my mistake.
With one wild move she took
her hat
And placed it where so long
she'd sat,
And floated in my arms and trod
Where my bursting corns did
ake and throb.

"I hurredly sed, 'Tit, tat, toe,
One, two, three, and out you go."

She lumberred in a grim content,
And talked a blue streek az if
she ment
To make up for the silent hours
In which she sat on the pillowey
bowers.

Also with her I isecreem ate,
The victim of a onkind fate,
And when the morning hours cum,
I had to cart all three to hum.
Goodby, dere dierry, I can say,
I am a wizer yooth to-day.

JOHNNIE STANDS AT ATTENTION

July 16.

Dere dierry, Delpheen's verry nice,
So far she's only kicked me twice.
Her excentriccities I hav lerned,
She's touchy where her feet are concerned.
This first I lerned the other day,
It cum in a onexpected way.
Az I waz kurrying her after a ride,
Skraping the mud from offen her hide,
I also desided to clean her feet,
Which didn't my approval meet.
But she wudn't budge her left hind hoof,
And I had to offer a reproof.
I slapped her with the Kurry kome
In a tender spot where the horse-flies rome.
And then that left hind hoof did rize,
And attained abnormel force and size.
Konvulsively it met my face
And sent me backward kwite a space.
The doktor has had to take a tuck
Where Delpheen's hind hoof roze and struck.
And on the Sick Book I did go,
Which waz to me a awful blow.
To-day I waz on my feet agen,
And went to the stabels with the men.
Delpheen wated in mute appeeling,
I went to say I held no hard feeling,
But my purpose waz misunderstood,
That same hoof flew az far az it cud,
And hit my knee a awful crack,
So many stars cum, I lost track.
This afternoon my time iz free,
Bekawze of this welt upon my knee.
And so I'm doing personal things,
Which allus satisfaction brings.
I washed my soot of underware
And my other pare of sox with care.
It's getting to be a barracks joke,
Whenever my underware I soak,
I shiver without enny cover,
Az o'er the spigguts I do huvver.
And while its hanging up to dry,
I haff to go on my bunk and lie
Under my swetter for proteckshun.
To-day they had a dammed in-speckshun.
A fat ole doktor poked in hiz hed,
The man in charge of kwarters sed,
"Attenshun!" so I had to rize,
My form a-shivering before hiz eyes.
Ole Stuffums never sed "At Eze,"
And so I stood with stiffened kneez,
And neether did he holler "Rest",
Which iz the order I love best.
So I stood neckked at attenshun,
The doktor evry'where did menshun
That the shoos waz turned the opposet way

From what he had ordered
yesterday,
That the flore waz bad in need
of skrubbing.
That the dore nobbs still cud stand
sum rubbing,
All this while out of a window
crack
A chilly breeze did hit my back.
I shivvered, but I stood my post,
The doktor beeing still engrossed
Telling how the blankets shud fold,
While I waz catching my deth of
cold,
Rubbing hiz finger where rub he
must,
Then holding it up to view the dust.
With a final leckshure he out did
flop,
Az I waz reeling, reddy to drop.
And at the dore with a skeptickle
wheeze,
He turned and pawzed, then sed,
"At Eze."
Goodbye, dere dierry, I still can
laff,
Tho' I rigid stood an hour and a
haff,
Tho I've got a welt upon my knee,
And a stich within my face you see,
Tho my underware's not dry
enuff,
And a terribul cold my hed doze
stuff.

BOUND FOR ARKANSAW

July 20.

Dere dierry, I'm abord the train,
I'll nevver see the Kalverry agen,
I'm going to be a doe-boy now
And get rite in the thick of the row.
I'm bound for Camp Pike,
Arkinnsaw,
When Tucker herd this he hollered
"Law,
You'll be rite neer to Pappy's
farm,"
Which filled me with a grate alarm.
The reezon for this suddin move
Iz that the Captain wants me to
prove
My rite to wear sum shiney bars
Az well as the grim and homely
skars
What Delpheen giv me. So I'm
bound
For where the Arkinnsaw River's
found.
Six the Genrul Order did rule
Shud go to the Ossifers' Training
Skule.
We six are bound on a fast express
To the Centrul Infuntry O. T. S.
I sent Delpheen my last farewell
By proxey, so I'm sound and well.
Tucker shed bitter teers when I
left,
Beeing of hiz cheef tormentor
bereft.
The Captain giv my hand a skweeze,
I shook with emoshun at my kneez.
Old Monteray iz of the past,
To Arkinnsaw we're flying fast.
This sleeper iz a stuffy place,
We're living in two feet of space.
The six of us only have two
seckshuns.
We sleep heeped up in all
direckshuns.
And o its hot! I glissen with swet,
My underware is ringing wet.
We're crossing Arizony now,
It don't appeel to me sumhow.
We stopped at a place called Indio,
Three peepul liv in its furniss glow.
A fat lady cross the ile gasped,
"Well,
Thoze creetures 'll be prepared for
Hell."
Pore lady! she suffers frum the
heet,
Haff of the time she's stuck to
her seet.
She gasps in fluds of perspirashun,
Calling the heroes of the nashun
To move her evry hour or two.
As we pull we hear the ripping
gloo.
Pore thing! she haz a upper berth,
In which we hoist her up with
mirth.
It takes all six of us a hour
To raze her with our cumbined
power.
And in the morning she has to
dessend,
Three of us helping at eech end.
A thin old maid iz also along,
Who thinks the world is doing her
wrong.
Last nite she lost her green silk
waste,
And up and down the ile she's
paced,

Looking throo evrybody's clothes,
A grate big teerdrop on her noze.
And always in her serchin mission,
She seems to view me with
suspicion,
And lingers over my barracks bag,
But I haint took her old green rag.

Whew! the fat lady's beckoning
to me,
So I'll cloze this dere old dierry.
And here I'll end my Kalverry
story,
For I'm on my way to win new
glory.

HERE BEGIN

Johnnie's Letters Home

Which tell of things which happened on the campus of the University of California

"Woof of the Floo is most afeard,
And covers his whole face and his beard
With a Turkish towel . . . . . ."

THE FLOO MASK

Dere fokes, I'm garding 'genst
the Floo,
Wich all good paytriotts otta do,
Since there be such a eppidummick
It makes me sick down in my
stummick
To think of all what are feeling
low
With the Floo. O I nawziated grow,
And wear my Floo mask on my
eer
Becauze I am so full of fear.
There iz a order that everybody
Must wear a Floo mask, and 'tis
a study
In Humannachur to see the places
Where masks are hung on people's
faces.
Some I have seen upon the nose,
Some on the place where whiskers
grows,
Some on the eers, some on the
neck
Some on the hairs above, by heck.
Four on the place where wimmin
smile,
Some on their i-brows, onst in
a while.
One found a place on a wooman's
hat,
And among the birds and feathers
sat.
A feemale friend of mine told me
As how on Toosday she did see
Her prof. use his as a hankercheef
And now she says she'd just as lief.
And as for the Floo masks shape
and size,
Some peeple are astonishing wise.
The fat wimmin what are short
of breth
Are taking no chances of their deth
From windpipe stoppage so they
grin
Real sweet with warmers on their
chin.
One prof, with asma has made slits
In his, throo which he breethes
and spits.
And all the Channing Greekery
vamps,
Have purchased tiny postage stamps
Of Crape-de-sheen, small pinkish
dots
Which they stick on like bewty
spots.
Woof of the Floo is most afeard
And covers his whole face and
his BEARD
With a Turkish towel to keep away
The germs while he searches all
the day
For the sixth dimension, and I herd
Of another ancient mildood bird
What uses a washrag, cool and
sweet
To his chin what has the prickly
heet.
Floo Masks have their good
points, too,
Of which I'll enoomerate a few.
They mingle on an equal basis
All feemales, no matter what their
faces.
Vampires and pelicans, all alike,
Through the campus byways you
must hike.

And all the fellows' mustaches
are hid,
(Of this newsance, I am glad
we're rid).
One prof. I know with a squeeky
voice
Has a class what wears these
masks by choice.
Beecause they thus can safely
shriek,
And laff at each new funny
squeek.
Also behind them we can gap,
And nobody then can care a rap.
And if the masks are big enuff,
One can chew gum and pinch
his snuff
And sleep with safety and eat
a bit
And think a lot of obseen wit.
O fokes, this is a funny erth,
Into which you have give me birth,
We go around like muzzled dogs,
And snort and breathe and act
like hogs.
O I look up to Parrydise
Where peepul breathe and all
iz nice.
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

JINRICKSHAWS

Dere fokes, Im sorry I forgot
To write last nite, but I was not
In enny fit condition then
To try to juggle with a pen.
And so I thot I'd let it go
Hoping that you wud never knoe
The cirkumstances, but I feel
Az now around the room I reel
That you shud knoe how I did fall
From grace by ansering Browzie's call.
On Satterday I to Okeland went
And fifty cents on likker spent
In "the Forum" (not a magazine,
Nor a Greecyan market where men kween)
But a simpul restroom with a bar,
From which the Play Fiddles keep kwite far.
Hither I went with a reg'lar hound,
A feller who cud be most drown'd
In beer and still walk fast and strate,
But such, alas, waz not my fate.
We stuck our feet upon the rail
And I knew now I cudn't kwail.
He sez, "A slow-jinrikkishaw,"
I sez, "A fast one, pleze" and saw
A look of awe kreep over his face,
And so I sez "Let's have a race,
To see which one can drink the most"
Wherefore he sed, "Great Ceezar's goast!"
The race begun, I flopped down mine
Into my stommick and sed "Fine,"
Another and my eyes shone briter,
A third and now my belt was titer,
The fourth spilt partly on the flore,
But I sez, "Ozwald, bring on more."
And soon my stommick prickkled sum
And things within my hed did hum.
I felt reel gay and laffed and laffed
Az more jinrikkishaws I kwaffed.
Fin'lly my frend says "Let's go home,
You're getting foolish in your dome."
'Twaz eezier sed than dun be-kawze
I'd drunk those fast jin-rikki-shaws.
But I on the strete car fin'lly lit,
And had a kweer dezire to spit
On the lady's shoe rite next to me,
And so I did in order to see
How kuick it wud evaporate,
But she got mad and didn't wate.
Going home my hed went round in whirls,
My hair waz falling in long curls
Around my nees and it did seem,
Az if a Orriental dreem
Waz waying down my mind. My legs
Reminded me of beer kegs
And my arms waz waiving up and down

Throo' the kwiet streets of Berkeley town.
Home I arove and went to bed
And placed my washrag on my hed.
Todae my hed still akes, and, maw,
I dont krave enny jinrickkishaw.
Goodby, and say a prayer for me
Eech time I go upon a Sprea.
Forgive me, family, every wun,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

SUSPENDERS AND TEA FIGHTS

Dere fokes, my hed is popping full
Of things to tell you, so the bull
I'm going to sling you. 'Twas
a weke
Which did with dizzy payshun
reke.
On Friday p. m. first I went
To the 'Tater house and there
I spent
Ten minutes going down the row
Where all the young pertaters
grow.
They beemed on me and I beemed,
too,
And in my brest a feeling grew
Of friendship for each Freshman
'Tater,
Eech one of whom I shall kween
later.
Sum dame brot me sum skwashy
kake,
I took it for politeness sake.
Another dame rushed up behind
To skair me, and befuddled my
mind
So much I dropped my gnawed-at
kake
On the flore. It spread out like
a lake.
And so I went to the Skrapper
house
And entered silent like a mouse.
The sisters waz elaborrate dressed,
And made a hit on eech new
gest,
Eech feemale seemed to talk at
once,
But the men did only issue grunts,
And, ill at eeze, each stood around
Trying to be a tee-fite hound.
The crowds waz thick. I slowly
plodded
Till I cum to where the Fresh-
men nodded.
Sum had bewty and sum had wit,
But all of them waz fizzickly fit.
They nodded me by with utmost
haste
And life seemed a dim and dreery
waste.
But a reel nice upperclassman
cum
And smiled and made me feel
to hum.
Two cups of coffee was giv to me,
I balanced one upon eech knee,
And held the ice kreem on eech
arm
And prayed I wuldn't cum to
harm.
I waz in peril, I'll admit,
Az I on the Scrapper flore did sit.
And still the granjur brot a thrill,
Az I on the wholesum food did
fill.
That nite the Devlish Annas
danced
And I on their institoot advanced,
And had a fine time shimmying
there,
My dame and I waz a skittish
pair.
'Twaz only once I thot I'd croak
'Twaz when my durned suspenders
broke.
It happened rite out on the flore
There cum a bust, then nothing
more.

My hart stood still and my pants
did sink,
My blud froze up and I tried to
think
Of something to do, but only cold
swet
My forred and cheeks did cum to
wet.
When my pants had fin'lly fell
two feet,
And my B. V. D's. the krowd
did greet,
I cudn't stand it any more
And stumbled wildly 'cross the
flore.
Sum guys cum with a safety pin
And I returned with a sheepish
grin.
Pleze send me kwick another pair
Of suspenders which I need to
wear
This coming weke. Now I must
run.
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

Dere fokes, on aite wheels now I run
And many a plawdit I have won.
I am a graceful earey site
Whirling around in the ded of nite.
Sadly of Saterrday nite I think,
When we stepped out to the skating rink.
Ten of us went and only fore
Had ever had on skates before.
However I thot it 'twud be best
To roll forth with a bulging chest,
Az if I was a krafty skater,
But 'twaz an errer I lerned later.
The boy strapped on my skates. I stood
Up stiffly like a block of wood,
Feeling unsteddy and afeard
To move and then sum feemale cheered
Derizively. I started in
On my mad whirl with a sickening grin.
I went forth boldly on my flite
Hoping to do well, just from spite.
Six strokes I took and all waz well,
I'd moved six inches and never fell.
And then I moved again, kuite bold,
In a long and graceful sweep I rolled,
But sumthing happened to the wheels,
And even now my blud congeels
Az I think of my puzzled, grewsum dred
And the way the flore and me did wed.
One feller with a sick necktie
Of green did see me going by
And laffed and sed with feeble wit
That in one count the flore I'd hit.
I'd like to have punched him, goodness knows,
But pekulyarly I never roze
In time, and he on wheels waz gone
Like winged Mercury at the dawn.
Feeling kwite black and blue I turned
And for a resting place I yerned,
But peepul blocked my ev'ry way,
And yet it waz onsafe to stay.
Feebly agen I whirling went
Over the miles of rink and spent
Fore hours and a half until I came
Back to the starting place. My fame
Roze high in leeps and bounds. They tell
That "forty-three times Johnnie fell."
Fin'lly I reeched my friends. My bones
Waz broozed and aking. Feerful groans
Aroze from ev'ry joint and mussel
I'd had a life and deth like tussel.

"My wheels went out frum under me."

When a nice bench did hove in site
I tried to end my maddened flite,
But the blamed wheels kept agoing. Fear
Agen my kwivering spine did speer.
I hollered "Look Out, Gangway Pleze,"
But az this warning I did wheeze,
I hit full blast a feemale party,
Who when I hit her lap said "Smarty"
And pushed me brootally away,
And chewed her gum in a bullying way.
One of my dames came to my aid,
But I soon wished that she had stayed
Away, for az she tottered nere,
The gink with the green necktie did leer
And racing past, he shoved her arm,
She reeched for me in great alarm.
My wheels went out frum under me,
And both of us shiney stars did see.
And so we littered up the flore
And we waz tramped on more and more
Till fin'lly a clanging bell rung out,
And there waz many a cheer and shout,
It waz the signal for a race,
And we waz still in that feerful place
Waiting our deth from flying feet
But soon the gards did kussing greet
Us and did sweep us off the rink,
To-day my helth iz on the blink.
I never agen shall wheel on skates,
Unless the Lord my reezon takes,
Goodby, dere family, pray that I
From my bad injerries will not die.
Pleze send me kwick a soft silk shirt,
So that my broozes will not hurt.
God bless you, family, ev'ry one.
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE BATHING GIRLS

Dere fokes, my mind with madness reels,
I push away my hash at meels,
I lie awake for owwers at nite,
I don't enjoy the passing flite
By Wheeler Hall. I'm silent, too,
And skinny, like I had the Floo.
The reezon that I'm so unwell
Iz that I went and saw and fell
For the Bathing Feemales at the show,
Tiz that which has disturbed me so.
These bathing girls cum frum the beech
In order that they here mite teech
Our kolledge ko-eds what to wear
Out in the sun and foam and air.
They've took the kampus by surprize,
And all—both innosent and wize
Have gone to see, then gone agen,
I'm speeking 'spechully of the men.
I first did go on Fryday nite,
And slinked in filled with timid frite,
With two other guys who kraved to see
These Bathing Girls at the T and D.
The theayter waz pitch black. We enterred
When all iyes on the stage was centerred.
Unforchunetlly the first ten rows
Waz filled with eeger kollidge Joes,
Who'd erly cum to get down nere
(Not to see the pitchurs, I fere),
And so we had to sit back far
But this, however, didn't mar
Our interest in the lovely sites
Goin' on behind the brite foot lites.
We saw sum seats down a long row
And over the knees begun to go.
We skweezed and pushed and skwirmed and riggled.
Sum kollidge girls observed and giggled,
But most of the peepul waz disgusted
That we into their midst had busted,
And made our entrance so beelated,
And spoiled their view. Hence we waz hated
By all whoze kneez waz in our way,
'Twuz many a mean thing they did say.
My iyes waz so glood on the stage
I tripped akross sum fat "old age,"
Who groaned and crashed back in her seet
And rubbed her aking legs and feet.
Fin'lly we reeched what seemed a void,
Where no one seemed to be annoyed.
So we sunk down in grate releef
In the bathing girls to drown our greef.
But az I sat in the dark chasm,
A lady skreemed and had a spazm

Beneeth me, for I wrong had sat
On a little ole maid who wazn't fat
Enuff to hold me, so I left,
And beeing of a sitting place bereft,
I kneeled down on the dirty flore,
From whence the view waz very pore.
But still I got a eye-full and
I thot myself in Fairyland.
Those bathing bewties danced about
(Which brot from the kollidge men a shout)
And showed their bathing costumes which
Did offen need a timely stitch,
And the rithum of the human body,
Which iz a fascinating study.
I watched. My eyes popped out and bulged,
Az their charms the bathing soots divulged.
I sat until both shows was ended,
And then my homeward way I wended.
My mind cud hardly think a-tall,
'Twas filled with the bewty of it all.
On Saterrday nite again I went,
And four enrapshured owwers spent.
To-nite 'tiz Visit Number Three
That I'm making to the T and D.
O Bathing Girls, pleze cum to kollidge
And add to our esthettic Nolledge,
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Every Effechunate Son,
JOHNNIE.

AUNT JANE

Dere fokes, I'm pretty neer wore out,
Sense I've becum such a gad-about.
Last Friday nite twuz cold and wet
And in the rain I went to get
My dansing pardner whose abode
Iz found on a suberban rode
In Alameda. There I went
By street car and two hours wuz spent
In going. O my bones did ake
From all the jolts the car did take.
When we did reech the end of the line,
I took it that it must be the sine
For getting off, so in the rain
I started forth to find "Aunt Jane,"
Who is the guardeen of my dame
When she's in kollidge. Her other name
I didn't know, so I did hope,
Az in the darkness I did grope,
That I wud find the house all rite
Tho I'd forgot the number. Nite
Closed in about me, dark and wet,
I sed, "I'll think of that number yet."
But it complete had left my mind
And try as I did, I culdn't find
It more. O I did frantick grow,
Az throo' the wet paths I did go.
And then I remembered she had sed
In whispers with a cold in her hed,
By telefone, "The house is shingle,"
With suddint hope my thots did tingle,
And as I mused, fond memory brott
Another trezure that I sott.
She'd sed, "The house next dore is white,"
My emoshun wuz a piteous site.
And so I tried eech shingle home
Next to a white one and did rome
About for sevrel blocks or miles
I gess it wuz. Both frowns and smiles
Did meet me at each shingle dore
But ignorants and nothing more
Did greet my oft repeeted kweery,
Which I did utter, week and weery,
"Can you pleze tell me if Aunt Jane
Doze live here?" I think that they insane
Did stamp me. But I persevered
As throo' the lanes my legs I steered.
There waz one lady, stern and thin,
Who peeked throo' a dore. And I did grin.
Thinking she must be a old maid,
Becawze she looked so thin and staid,
I up and sed, "Are you Aunt Jane?"
She shuddered and shut me out in in the rain.
Another, a fat man once did cum,
"The wimmin fokes are not to hum,"
He sed and softly closed the dore,

And there wuz rain and nothing more.
A bent old woman once appeared
Who looked at me as tho' afeard,
I sed "Perhaps you're Aunt Jane's maw,"
She sed "I'm a stranger here;" I saw
That she was skeart of me and so
Agen in the black nite I did go.
Fin'lly at ten o'clock I found
Aunt Jane's abode. The bell didn't sound
And so I pounded on the dore,
At first twuz silence, nothing more.
Aunt Jane with nite cap on her hed
Announced that all had gone to bed,
But still I had her wake her neese,
"Such nonsence henceforth you must ceese,"
She sed. But enny way we went,
And then two hours more wuz spent
In getting to the danse. And there
Familyar notes fell on the air.
Az they played, the dansers all arose,
Twuz the national anthem which did close
The danse. We cawt the last car home,
And never again so far I'll rome.
Goodby, dere famly, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE MILKY WAY

Dere fokes, my life's a soshial whurl,
No time hav I to set and twirl
My fingers for theres lots to do
If one a dozen girls would woo.
Last Friday nite some frends and me
Stepped forth to the city for to see
ShakeSpeare's genus at its hite,
In Omelet —twuz a tragic site.
The speeches beeing rather long
And nary a dance and nary a song,
I sat back with a amuzed air
Observin' Human Natchure there.
A woman sat in front of us
Who made a everlastin' fuss.
Eech word she said wud cawse to wiggle
Her eerrings, my dame did gigle
And me and the others laffed out lowd,
Cawsing sum protest from the crowd.
In back a man to sleep nere gone
Did yawn a most prodidjus yawn.
His open mouth showed he wuz old,
It beein' mostly gums and gold.
To pass the time I looked to see
How many balled heds there mite be
In seein' distance and I found,
Both oval, skware, oblikque and round,
A total sum of thirty seven,
Which had no hair and then eleven
Which had a littel, almost none,
Which looked like specks upon the sun.

The play wuz grand. My soal wuz sturred,
Especially when the deths okkured.
The next day beein' awful hot
A glass of buttermilk I got
In the sandwetch shop where I espide
Two laydey friends who beamed with pride
When me they saw cavorting in,
Perspiring with a plezent grin.
They both wuz seeted at a taybel
Whitch they had choze 'cawze they wuz able
From it to see the passing throng
Umhampered az they marched along.
And also to resiprocate
By showing themselves in a "tay-ta-tate."
They beckoned me to cum and set
With them. And I beein' overhet
Sunk damp and sticky in a chair,
And wisht I didn't haff to wear
So many clothes. I also prayed
That since pore me they had way-layed
That they wud get a seperret bill.
The food they'd bawt waz enuff to kill
A giant. Az I gazed dummfounded
I hoped my feres wuz not well grounded,
That all those sandewetches and pie
And waffels, which did also lie
There and the cups of choklitt, too,
And the marmelaide and other goo

Wud be charged up to my slim purse
And then another thot still worse
Did seeze me. O if I shud fail
To have enuff. I turned reel pale
And suffered terrible suspense
Fondling my dime and thirty cents
In my pocket. Then they brought me in
My buttermilk. My hed did swim
And reel with awful apprehenshun,
My nerves waz rawt up to that tenshun
Where they run loose, and so unmeaning,
My elbow on the taybul leaning,
When the wateress suddenly did say
"I gess the gentleman will pay?"
My heart in icey dred did leep,
My elbow took a suddint sweep
And sped the buttermilk in the air,
Like a cloudburst it did settle where
The crisp new sandwetches did lay,
And made of them a milky way.
In horror I jumped to the flore
And doing so overturned some more
Which still waz left. I muttered "Hasen!
Somebody bring a mop and basin."
The wimmin sat there, cold and grim,
And watched their waffles splash and swim
Until sum buttermilk did trickle
Down where their nees was and did tickle
Them and spoiled eech Eester dress,
"O Lord!" I sed, "What a awful mess."
And then I met the laydey's eye
Who runs the shop. And I did fly
In terror out the nerest dore,
Which I'll not darken ennymore.
Offen I dreem of her and shake
My self to see if I'm awake
And even then I think its real,
My life iz sure one grand ordeal.
Goodby, dere famly, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

"On the Rolly Koster we lost our breth."

AT IDORA PARK

Dere fokes, I'm tired of the soshial stuff
And ake agen to akt reel tuff,
And so last nite a frend and me
To Adorer Park excitement lends.
What we cud find to stimulate
Our joy in living and so in state
With two feemales of soshial caste,
Into th' alluring gates we passed.
The brite lites and the gambling dens
To Adorer Park excitement lends,
The girls at first did stout proclame
That they wuz sorry they had came
To risk their lives and lose their curls
On all them darksome brethless whirls.
One of them sed that sense her birth
She never had ariz from earth
And wudn't now, so not to teezer,
Lest suddint wrath should ominus seezer
And bring a Eppileptick fit
(Altho' she appeared kwite sound of wit).
But the aeroplane (hung to a chain)
With dezire to fly did seeze my brain.
And so, although myself afeard,
I told my dame not to get skeered
With me along. So she and I
Around in a ring in the air did fly.
We went so fast our neeze did shake,
I held her tite for safety's sake.
The motion made me see-sick! "O,"
I prayed, "O, airship, go more slow!"
My dame with suddint boldness fired
Sed, when we'd stopped, she wuzn't tired,
But I crept out and her forsook,
And seein' az I had the pocket book
She soon cum after, and we went
To the merry-go-round. There wuz spent
A wild hilarious time a-riding,
And off the slippery horses sliding.
Our other cupple we found there,
O. K. but sumwhat wurse for wear.
The horses beeing sorter mild,
My dame sed, "Let's do something wild."
Taking her at her word we entered
"The Whip"; excitement there is centerred
With dubble force. The crooked track
Sends shivers up the small of your back.
My dame clung willing. When I held
Her tite she never once rebelled.
We liked it, so we rode six times,
Till I found that I wuz out of dimes.
And then we joined the other pair,
They having sum money still to spare.
On the Rolly Koster we lost our breth,

The dames both gurgled az if
Deth
Wuz coming. So I held mine tite
And spanked her back when she
grew white.
Altho' enjoyin' the fizzickle thrill
Which cum in the sudden drop
downs. Still
My stummick's scooped out feel-
ing grew
To such proportions that I knew
How it must feel to be in love
And so I prayed the Lord abuv
Wud keep me from a harsh attack
Of lovesickness. When we wuz
back
Upon the dry ground still once
more
We sott the crowded dansing flore,
Where, chewin' gum and holdin'
tite,
We wuz as tuff as enny that nite.
On sich occashuns such as these
A demerkrattick sense doze pleze
Me. Bathing in Humanitty
Doze help releeve inannity,
And so agen we fore shall chase
To this tuff but captivating place,
Goodby, dere famly, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE BELGIAN BABY BALL

Dere fokes, a feemale I did hawl
To hear the Beljun babies bawl.
At the 'Tater house my dame was dressing
Reel slow, I spoze to keep me gessing,
And so I sat and dummly wated
Az my new black shoes I kontemplated.
An hour and a half and may be more
I viewed the dust on the 'Tater's flore,
And then I rendered "Three Blind Mice"
On the pianny. It did sound so nice
And brought such cheer to the house.
Five times I rendered each blind mouse.
The pianny beeing out of tune,
My dame cum rushing down reel soon,
To say the housemarm's hed did ake
And so I ceesed my big mistake.
In a strete car, we in pomp did ride,
And both my shoestrings cum untied,
Due to our running for the car,
And also I obtained a skar
From hoisting my dame up the step,
Beeing az her skirt waz tite. My pep
Did most giv out at this sad junkshun
But on we went to the Soshial Funkshun.
A multitood was at this dance,
Perhaps five hundred pairs of pants
Waz present and a thousand wimmin,
(One half of which waz used for trimmin
The empty walls) and plenty of money
Waz razed to buy kows' milk and honey
For the Beljun babies. None will starve,
Indeed I figger they can karve
A turkey on eech holliday
For these babies az they cum from play.
Their Golden Goose has laid a egg
The size of a normel beer kaig.
'Twuz the Dee Gee sisters giv' this ball
In ansor to the Beljuns' call,
And I proklame them sure-enuff ladies
For beeing so nice to the Beljun babies.
Demokracy waz at the ball,
All types one saw around the wall.
The pore, the fat, the rich, the thin,
All helped out in the drone and din.
But all agreed in the shimmy's kraze,
And none there did objeckshun raze.

One kupple, kookoo in their upstairs
Did wall off a corner with sum chairs
And jumped like monkeys in this space,
A gargoyle grin upon eech face.
They twirled and whirled and hopped and bowed
To the bewilderment of all the krowd,
They jumped and bumped and dipped and skipped,
And I laffed until my garter ripped.

Then I stood still, a trembling martyr
To the whim of that Pareesian Garter.
It groaned, it creeked, it palpitated
In suspense and agony I waited.
But it hung, thank God, by one mere thread
Until I safely got to bed.
Dere fokes, I'd rather hav' a toomer
Than be without a sense of humor.
Goodby, my family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectioonate Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE PRYTANEAN FETE

Dere fokes, last nite I skipped around
At the Prettyneen Fait and plezure found
In all the wild excitement there,
In all the gay Boheemian air.
Konfetti and the blare of drums,
And ballay girls and campus bums,
The sound of revelry by nite,
The kaffay's brite alluring lite,
The bags of candy that I ate,
All this made up the Prettyneen fate.
I also saw sum cheep side shows,
And wimmin tramped upon my toes
To make me buy sum seets therein.
Even if I'd alreddy bin
They made me buy sum more. I spent
My own cash and what others lent.
I danseed with a little Chinese girl
Who waz a Orriental perl,
She grabbed her male frends by the kollar
And made them each spend half-a-dollar
On the "Follies," then she wudn't danse
Until they dove down in their pants
And brot the remainder of their money
For her melting pot, she thot 'twaz funny.
All the admiring men waz thrilled,
And the Prettyneen's Koffers waz well filled.

I marched in the Grand Processhun, too,
With a klassy lady that I knew.
She waz dressed up az a cirkus tent,
And peepul cheered wherever she went.
She wore a flagpole on her hed,
Az she marched with a imposing tred.
The first prize went to the "Popkorn Dame"
Whoze strings of popcorn won her fame.
A fat old farmer cum out sekund
He had three teeth and said he reckoned
The crops was doing mitey pore,
And then he skooted out the dore.
I went into the Fashion Show,
It cost me twenty cents to go,
But it waz surely worth the bill,
Those feemales waz dressed fit to kill.
I went in a fortune telling booth,
Where a Gypsy sed she'd tell the trooth
About me, then she kalmly sed,
"Sum day, young man, you're going to wed."
Then added, (her voice waz hard and dry),
"Sum day, young man, you're going to die."
This prophecy did stir me so,
No longer can I plezure know
My soal is wretched, full of gloom,
Az I think of my impending doom.

To die is bad enuff, but oh!
'Tis the marrying which doze
greeve me so.
Goodby, dere fokes, pleze send a
check,
For I am a pore, financial wreck.
Chip in sum money, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effechtshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.

BOLSHEVISM

Dere fokes, the whole world I did see
Shimmying at the Freshie Glee.
Under the purpel forrest's roof,
Many a mean and wicked hoof
Was shaken, many a eye did close
In the thrill of this ungainly poze.
When cheek meets cheek, tiz surely time
To expose this evil deed in rime,
And so I'm going to tell the plot,
Of why they shiver in one spot,
Of why they rub eech other's nozes
Agenst the written law of Moses,
Of why they breethe a mutual breth,
Which mite result in dizeeze or deth.
The whole thing cums from Bolshevism
Which seeks the kriminal baptizm
Of all the world, which seeks to win
Humanity for blud and sin.
And seeks this end in hidden ways,
Among which is this shimmy kraze.
Leenine and Trotzky did invent
This suttel evil. Hours waz spent
In perfecting this, their Grand Design
Kalkillated to bring in line
America to Bolshevism
And thus effect a mitey Skizm
Betwixt the Allies. And it seems
Az if they mite attain their dreems,
Unless we start a social war
To stop it 'fore it goes too far.
When the innosence of youth takes to it,
'Tis time to grab the vinegar kruit
And pour some oil upon the flame,
Before it eats away our name.
This lingering, kwivering, shiverring dance
Doze feeblemindedness enhance,
It stunts the mental growth of youth,
And sways them from the paths of trooth.
It nullifies and deddens reezon
And starts a Bolshevikky treezon
'Gainst social codes and dry convention
And other things I needn't mention.
It makes for luxury's weekening spell,
Remember Rome and how it fell!
And at the Freshie Glee they shimmied,
There waz none there that waz too timid
To slap Convention in the face,
And shiver in one inch of space.
And at the Pie-Fry house next nite,
Another Bolshevikky site
Did greet my pained and greeving eyes,
Sisters of every shape and size
Waz shimmying, their eyes closed tite
To avoid the harsh and searching lite.
Even the Feemale Prezzident
Of the Animated Wimmen spent

Her time in shimmying. O my Lord
Let peece and reezon be restored!
Keep us from Bolshevism's kurse,
Bring on the shimmy's blackened hearse.
Goodby, dere family, take to hart
The lesson that I here impart,
Pleaze don't shimmy in our front-room,
Or we'll feel red Bolshevizm's doom.
And tell the town foke, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effechtshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

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